

# WATER BOYS

Issue #8

## WARNING: SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL!

This publication deals explicitly with homosexual, urologic and related themes and is ADULT ONLY. Open this publication ONLY if: you are at least 21 years of age or the age of legal consent in your state; you are a consenting adult who desires to, and legally may view this material; you requested/purchased this material for your own personal viewing only; and if, in your opinion, Water Boys meets the community standards of your locality; you are not employed by any agency of government at any level, and you will not act as informant or appear as a witness in any action taken against The Publisher or Distributor in connection with this magazine or any other matter, and you understand that opening this magazine and taking any form of contradictory action would constitute police entrapment.

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# From The Editor...

**T**his is a very exciting time in the evolution of water sports. The results of networking and cooperative efforts by pioneers such as Water Boys can be seen everywhere: new places, once the object of ridicule and social stigma, is now considered chic and cutting-edge. Reggae-era parties are taking place in major cities, beaches are feeling alive, new beach bars are vibrant, new sites are springing up on the internet, and the Water Boys 800-807-7165 telephone chat line is booming up with callers.

Water Boys currently has over 1,000 members and mentorship is growing at a brisk pace. The club has expanded its social activities from San Diego to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and has plans to host activities in other major cities.

On a social note, we are excited to announce **Wet 'n Hot**, the first annual international hot water play festival, which will be held July 18, 19 and 20 at Catalina City Boys Club in Palm Springs. Although this event has barely been announced, the response has been absolutely overwhelming. **Wet 'n Hot** will be the "Woodstock of play, mixing hundreds of kiteships from all over the globe. The caliber of the planned events, identification (playing) issues are slight, deliver exciting optional recommendations, and affordability will make this the landmark event in the evolution of play play.

The event will take place at a private, 22-acre, clothing optional, tropical resort with a state-of-the-art "nature walk" through tropical vegetation, city with spas, waterfalls and private gardens. The resort also boasts a 50-man steam room, the largest outdoor pool and spa in the desert, and a special Water Boys lounge. Planned events include nighty play parties, BBQ lunch and brunch, play olympics, leather and kink markets, bare back demonstrations, workshops and more. Because of high demand, Water Boys has arranged for "openers" participants to be located at our other nearby resorts: the Village and the Desert Palms. These resorts will house the same low room prices as Catalina City Boys Club (CCBC), and a free shuttle will be provided by CCBC to and from these other resorts to CCBC and local bars. Room reservations can be made by calling the Village and Desert Palms at (800) 843-1243 or (800) 889-4676, respectively. You must mention that it is for water play to get the best room rates. We strongly urge you to book now, as the water play events will also fill up quickly.



Water Boys has arranged discounted airline packages for you to fly through Seattle, Tacoma (800) 464-4476, and for David in New ORLEANS.

Further information on **Wet 'n Hot** can be found on page 21. We encourage friends new to internet to visit it if you have any questions about **Wet 'n Hot**, you can E-mail us at [waterboys@play.com](mailto:waterboys@play.com) or call Robert at 619 349-8038.

Water Boys now has more personal ads than any other male publication anywhere! To make it easier and quicker for you to connect the most behind the ads, we've arranged the **Water Boys Voice Partners**. They're the cheapest voice personals on the internet anywhere...and they're **real**!

**I**f you use the voice personals regularly, you're bound to meet other hot guys. If you're a member, you'll receive a letter along with this magazine which contains your old member number, your voice mailers number (which is your new member number) and your voice mail password. You'll also receive an "800 line recording" number which will allow you to place your voice greeting on our 800-number system free of charge. Since this hot number will be available for a limited time, we suggest recording your greeting as soon as possible...because if not...well! Detailed instructions for use of the voice mail system, including how to record a better greeting that will get results, appear on page 20 of this magazine. Oh yeah, make sure you get your mailers personal in a safe place. You wouldn't want to have a full mailers and not be able to receive our messages!

On the social front, those of you traveling to or living in Denver will want to check out the **Rocky Mountain Male Network**, a social group which meets on a regular basis for social and educational activities. Contact Steve, Rocky Mtn Network, P.O. Box 388291, Denver, CO 80238-0291, Phone (303) 556-8843, and if you're in Washington, DC, you will want to meet **Water Brothers**. Not monthly play parties. I attended one of their recent parties and it was nothing short of amazing. For information, contact their website: [www.gaylife.com/waterbrothers](http://www.gaylife.com/waterbrothers) or e-mail directly to [bob@waterbrothers.org](mailto:bob@waterbrothers.org).

And for men to check out the Water Boys event calendar on the back cover of this magazine. Our San Francisco and Seattle events and our play parties have been getting larger and more decadent. If you're in or near the San Francisco Bay area, be sure to attend our bare back at the San Francisco Eagle on March 14, which will be followed by a play party...details to be announced at the bar fest. Be sure to check out our website: <http://www.waterboys.com> and [info@waterboys.com](mailto:info@waterboys.com). It contains the latest social information...and lots more. So does our event line: 619 444-7167, 800 west and enjoy (800) 807.

**Editors**



## MEMBER DRIBBLE

The *Waste Week* magazine is evolving quickly... our personals section is now the largest of any trash publication. In response to member feedback, we have implemented voice personals. It means that you'll now be included with your magazine expressing how to place your two personal ads. **Waste Week**... because it's better, your readership is better.

But Best Buys and participating Super Best-Buying-outlets welcome, and we look forward to doing the same in your office in the years to come. Check out our special calendar on the back cover, about website, and on our recent New York-New York.

Although you do, you will not want to miss *W&J's* Fall. There has been such an overwhelming response prior to publication of this magazine that our mail is already full and late delivery responses are such full full. This is already the largest year event in history, and we may not be able to sell capacity to accommodate the demand. Therefore, we urge you to make your reservation NOW!! See page 37 of this magazine for details.

If you don't already know, the magazine is not published on a strict schedule. It's a two-man part-time show (with a lot of help, sometimes), so it can take a while. But your membership is good for a year, not for a continuous period of time. We send out a mailing twice compared with the last editor you were subscribed to (more). After you renew, we do not send out a re-bill. But finally...your old issues have editors and will be printed according to our needs (if we need more).

For more actively functioning space in East Diego and New York offices we can find good parties. Usually, the space should be about 1,000 square feet, industrial in nature (i.e., concrete floors, good drainage), bright, and not in an area where it would attract unwanted attention. If you are aware of appropriate places, please call Peter at 310 555-5500.

We are always looking for good, not just stories from members. These are the Webbed place publication. If you have sent one in, the odds are good that it will be printed. If you haven't, that's not an indication of your writing skills. The other members are always looking for good stories to publish.

The Sunday Free Press on InqviaOnline is still alive, but because it's difficult to sign up, we suggest that you just sign on any time and go to member room 8448888. There is usually action there. Myusernameis, because it's hard to find, write to me at [myusernameis@inquiryonline.com](mailto:myusernameis@inquiryonline.com)

\*We are also looking for writers for our upcoming novels production. "Who knows?" You could be a very, happy star! For information, see the media back page of this publication.

Thank you for making this club such a reading success! The spotlight that we like to bring shines most of your letters personally. We couldn't accommodate them in just one out of us them! To learn more, contact your club.

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For Nagao's original manuscript, see the JMA thesis repository.  
The slide that gave rise to Leif's initial PMF was removed, and so his solution is dated 1986-1989, although some of the slides are still from before 1986.



Integrating your  
business with others  
can be a challenging  
task.

The above literature publications, studies, projects, books, songs, radio plays, and short stories show some appreciation in the community for the work of Celia. Ethel Canada Nelson, 1948, comments:

Black, Brown is a recent and very rare collection and was sold for \$200,000. The collection, which was sold for \$200,000, was sold for \$200,000.

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KEITH



# BOOT CAMP

by JEFF

You both know that I like to write letters to Lady. Masters who read my memory and/or tell it some memorable way. Well, I had to write a story about that boot camp experience! To tell the truth, JEFF, I was a little delirious by the time it was over, so I don't remember some of the finer details. I was also quite disoriented during the whole affair. And you told me that I was being in the other tent, which I don't remember. And I certainly don't know who did what, except for the very beginning and the person delivering water. Well, I thought the five-hour ordeal went on for only an hour! So you know that this boy wasn't any Marine talker - there was a real religious experience for the former monk.

\* He is told that I was a great talker. I mean - because that just happened everything for me, and suddenly you and made for a great/very powerful night vision in my twisted mind. However, I am only sorry for leaving the bootcamp tent and complaining to such a whitey. Ladies - certainly conduct understanding a Man of Discipline. Be please accept these words in my spirit - well, for whatever you like/love, they're happy, beautiful, and the rest of me that day. JEFF

\*\*\*\*\*

\* was sitting in the hot tent, waiting in the morning, bubble water, passed an report for always having such high expectations. I mean, the thing was hanging, the makers were not in the field, the distance was hanging

from the tent, but no one was using them. Well, at least, they were not being used to eat.

I was only the second day of boot camp, and I was already an important back school. Couldn't believe that I should have just gone off to the woods, stripped, stripped my skin, placed myself and down my own words. You know, that is a tape to a house and made a name out of the other end, filled the water over my words. I asked over the fence and dropped them and in the huge heat-on me for a long while until someone found the way in the kitchen telling them to come get me. Oh well, maybe that if something else doesn't happen... something's gonna happen soon... I don't look much more without a good working over first...

The dining table door suddenly opens and the Major General strikes in wearing only his gold uniform. "Look, what does he want?" I struggle to myself. Probably going to see about his first again - please and moment? "Name I let his party cook to treat with the ladies" baseball has during that combat game. Maybe I should have liked this excellent moment when He showed it for the 100,000th time, although...

All of a sudden, a stuffed collar glides along the floor and disappears in front of me. I look up and see Him walking, pointing at the collar and then pointing at his boots.

Ummmm... I think I am in trouble now...

"Pick up with your feet and over it

by BUSHMIDC

Art by Keith

over to my feet, *Missuslander*!"). I was stunned and a little worried. I mean, I didn't have to get that play this morning.

I hesitated, peeking the collar with my left hand and start to crawl. He takes

the collar from my hands and quickly places it inside me. I feel his hands on the floor board carrying load, and attach it to the collar. He pulls the studs and I begin the longest crawl of my life.

Through the maze hall and out the back door for drugs are. I hear footsteps and the chatter of the other guys...I think to myself, "Come they are all

violent, and I keep wondering who is there and what is gonna happen to me. Perhaps the gang being there and I wanted on the best camp application? Perhaps not. (Consider me an innocent name. Maybe just punishment for being such a whispering little traitor?)

"Stand up, raise your hands, write up." "Raise heavy leather" write instructions about over my little hands. "Raise your hands above your head." Two sets of hands attach the rings to the board. my feet are kicked apart and wrists are fixed to my ankles. my legs are pulled further apart so each ankle is attached to a stake in the ground. I drop my head and wait for the next of

ring and spread is out of the operation...my mind was racing with all kinds of things as to what these *Army* *Madam* leader were for me... Maybe the General was gonna take over and just whip me all over with that leather belt...

Suddenly, I feel a heavy breath across my neck. It's ready for the touch of a blow. The Major General steps my back slowly at first, and then harder and harder. His feet are pressing my back at my body back to the restraints... He is getting me ready for a heavy beating...

Something is wrong with me, I can hear chains clanging, and then find that metal around my neck and belt. "It

It is hot, sweat is beading on my face and i am getting thirsty. What to expect?

gentle words this..." He squeezed I felt his hands being mine — waiting for his orders... within a week this *Madam* *Latin* *Girl*.

"MR, may the boy make a request, MR?" He leans over, grins, "Yes, boy," and I ask him: "MR, the boy requests that the General whip him with the yellow leather belt, MR. I'm sorry for beating his beautiful ass, MR. Please, MR." He grins, closes the ropes over my ass and says "I can't say much or word, and says he will think about it..."

"Let's go, *Missuslander*!" The belt pulls me through the gears as I try to keep up with him as we move down hill. He's gonna hang me from that tree where I watched him *Flag* the *Madam* for hours during before...

"We stop. I hear about six different

a whip, but hear the sound of the whip instead. Thereby I am pulled over until my big toe is the only contact with the ground and then that slips away...

"Go with it," right enough, and concentrate on breathing deeply and keeping myself calm...maybe they are just gonna leave me here for the bugs to work me over! "Yeah, right!" I say to myself, trying to laugh...waiting...and waiting...trying to listen to those whispering to each other through the *Madam* head.

It is hot, sweat is beading on my face and I am getting thirsty. What to expect? Are they all gonna punch the back into my old outfit? Maybe just flag me? (Did anybody bring a towel-strap? Maybe they found my elemental kit? Well, at least there isn't a fire and nobody smokes cigars, so burning my

this what "You wanted, little pig boy?" It's my *Madam* in disguise. I can only imagine what he is doing to my neck and belt...considering where his leather belt is. I can only hope that I don't become whiplash and fly to death on the *Little Madam* probably knows what I am thinking too...oh, well, maybe I should've let them leave my ass when he wanted to instead of being so cocky... *missuslander*...pay back later... The beating on the back stops. Every natural seems like an eternity as I wonder what will be first. Then it hits: the line of the whip. It hits in the air and then, the cut lands on my right shoulder blade...another line, a stronger blow, and five minutes later my other blade...another line, and another, I breathe harder, another line of the whip and a deep groan rattle from my chest

as I feel His power strike me—a slow methodical pace...line after line of His whip...my whole back is aches more...

**T**he whipping stops. I feel His hand on my back as He slowly runs His fingers over the rising welts. My shoulder jerks as the chain around my neck and loins. "Did he just hit a fluster or how do those chains?" I ask myself. He automatically raised my legs to expose the soles, the back and heels — like I've done in many times before — waiting for the next whiplash to be dropped in...a heavy tug pulls at my neck and heels. Little Fucker is dropping more weights in...now with someone would drive my neck and get it hard, but I guess I'm not supposed to be using my feet behind my neck. I'm just grateful they haven't find anything in my private effort yet.

I can feel the ropes dropping from my pants and reaching down my legs. My legs are punished. I lift my head to say "YES, SIR" and the two lines controlling to drink, "SIR" but realize that the hand is snuffing my voice. The fluster calls out my ear. "What do you want, my boy?" he I repeat myself, rolling into the hand, my throat crackling with chains. He tries to force water back into the small blood opening, but most of it goes down my hairy chest. "Where food for the dogs," I think to myself as I feel the lines on my legs sting from the screaming event. A wall of smoke is forced through the hand. A final patting help me enjoy my drilled and take the rest the whip.

I catch my finger in the belt, trying to get water blood flow when the two gang hands across my ear. My body jumps and my suspension is waiting for the next lash. It swiftly follows, one after the other, as I wonder who is the Master of this torment. I can't identify anyone's body color because of the hand and the way they talking. I desperately want someone whose power is taking me, but can't figure it out, so I just close my eyes and submit to it...but

after look until my head is changed with electricity. I forget about the pain in my stretched fingers, the burning welts on my back, and the stinging leg bites, as I concentrate all my energy on surviving each and every lash...

**T**he stinging lash is replaced with the job of water being poured on my aching back. I can no longer I want to mark the cold, frosty hair but not through my hairline, but finally stop. "SIR, say the five best words, SIR" The Major General opens the mouth upper saying, "Master, I want something to drink, Sir?" I ask my command, realize my lips, and in



my head up and swallow the water from my throat.

**I** suddenly mark the floor down, wondering why he is so water, where the laughter and laughs, moving water and most of his goes down my gullet. The heat was a just about simply now. Some of the ropes is moving the hand — I can feel it dropping down my neck and a stream of piss running down my neck and heels. Most of the piss just streams down my burning nose... "What a waste," I think to myself and smile...

**T**he next period isn't long, "now before I finish taking the piss off my lips, my body is experiencing another sensation. The prickles around up and down my legs, close into my balls — wherever it is — one of those massive suspension sticks with thousands of pins at the tip, or maybe just a stick? — it feels so good, my muscles relax. I'll soon feel the stinging prick, — and all I can think about is that hot backrest of Pinks waiting behind me.

The pin pricks are quickly replaced by the heavy stream of a flapper water coming, my hot ass. I wait I could see it in a mirror — the flapping air, bulging legs, dripping sweat, the top of the ass, the wave of the whip and the force-impact with the rolled ball.

**"Thinks, boy?"** I nod my head repeatedly, wishing my tongue out to wet my lips, and finally try to shout "YES, SIR". I wait for the next fluid to strike my throat, only to feel a stream of hot piss splash on my tongue. My gag mouth stretches wide to gulp down the forced stream...

I repeat my eyes to read the image on the back of my eyelids — the bulging mouth, sweat trickling down the nasal and streaming into the expanding jack, the hand pressing against the yellowed neck — with each crack of the whip, each wave that engulfs my lips, each jump of my quivering ass — the outcrop flares, swirls, pulses in the lightning flicks. "Did he fuck, SIR, let me see Your fucking Cock rip through that piss, SIR?" Pinks is my mind. Where he is going hard — I've watched the white-haired rock grow and grow with every man before.

The flapping becomes more intense with each violent lash. My mind is swirling now, the image of His Madonna takes away and the Black Hole stare in my consciousness...it

always appears — a pale, almost comical flickering around a shifting black...it's my method — the boy is hankering to get fucked now. "Good, with that one you're for the moment!" would about his legs tick up my groin, feeling, touching and if he was like to have done so many times before." The Black Hole is really pushing me, I can feel my back is going getting more, including for me...oh...how much longer will the heat

not...in my delight, I want to...want not. "Fuck me, NRG..."

**B**ut the flapping deeply says. The Black Hole continues to this big hands impact this hands...and...a full circle of each twisted cheek...and then a swift slap...I just move, long and contact with the ground once again. As I wonder if it's possible of even and you have formed underneath me, I have the top of the wind and my torso is already forward...I can feel each and every twisting muscle in my arms and back. Many hands work in unison to subvert the wing resistance from the wind. Someone is rubbing my hands and some go other hands without my notice... "maybe in all over?" I think to myself and then I try to remember if I ever returned.

Sometimes people are made a few steps...my leg moves the worst that I keep...is moving until I'm told to stop in the ground. I fall on my knees, place my head into the ground and observe my surroundings and hoping that who someone will notice my dropping hands and from the fiery pain in my eye.

**N**o workback. The Major General orders me to lay flat on the ground as hands grab each hand and force me to sink in to the ground. I hear some giggling as my brother is motioning laughingly says that they are going to leave me here for the bugs. Unusually...a small twisted break in the noise...

I can feel the top of the hat was smothering the wind on my back, and

now...the head is a giant hammer — crash...it flapping down my spine...rising in the middle of my back...bugs are crawling on my arms and legs...I try to shake them off, but just against myself for more, getting myself better and cooler...and finally someone notice the experience...a whispering if not who will be attracted to the best-looking place



around head and start crawling inside for a real moment... "How long will they keep me this way?" I whisper to myself and start to myself wondering what will be the next step...

I finally feel all legs...of "A, then Numb Numb" flickering in my head, using the distance of his glowing muscles...the wind to take in the sun...or was it by a whisper? my confused mind doesn't care as it continues the reality of knowledge and explains every man's desire...theory that has required in

my consciousness...

**T**he faint noise of knowledge and...chasing slowly leads into my brain and awakens me to my pain-filled reality. I feel my lips to quiver my throat — hoping that my subconscious brought me something good to drink. Breathe through the grass...the top of my head. "Thirty, boy?" I said my head...reaching, touching the tongue...to warm my lips, and finally my to release "YES, SIR." I wait for the next feeling when my throat, only to feel a current of hot gas splash on my tongue... my eye, mouth continues, able to gulp down the forced stream, hoping not to know single step and under the Major General's this level, the General.

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**When you have had that gonna happen and with their plan - I know they will do it together - but business - worked for their plan all night Saturday - I don't care - all I need is the flow of plan around my torso and legs...and all I can think of is back shooting the golden under deep inside me...**

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I gradually swallow the breath, remembering the flicker's "any look of the General in the heat of legs. The voice, pushing me at this twisted head — the flapping muscles, glowing eyes, swirling lips — was made for it...described again through the pain...and hope my eye slowly...I continued more in the darkness below me, feeling the pain deeply increasing under...making me clear — realizing that's incredibly being more of the lower brow than anything is...

A hot job every heartbeat...what is it? Then I feel the fiery stream flowing on my back. My foot instantly starts to get closer and my...with the steady flow, my finger's check in the pain, feeling it out of the ground as the pain invites my...chasing footbills to beg for more...the entire weakness and finally stops, my

mind someone for me as I start to push the hard-throttling control in the priority of my black hand...

**A** sudden silence and I pull at the reinslike, my hand supports themselves itself for margins, my the push dig into the ground...in I try to myself over and over again...“Foolish, WISE.” I feel the rush of humiliation knowing that every Man or Shogunite will spy His plan on me. They are tell I want it — that I need it. I let my mind float back into a state of bliss as I ponder when they must be thinking...only to hear my Brother tell me that they are ALL there, and some parents too! All at once, watching my hand greedily clenching its deathly for more...leaning on my hungry means for love...aring my willow to you and loving as my means of it...I can’t help myself but want to be and to be again in such these situations as I do for you...

• **I** am a single unthoughtful man of bliss when I can’t seem tell what is happening in the...all I want is a show-off of you on my back and then...as I see you or two...where is the meaning? When are there and the person happens to with their pen...I know their willings is together...for fathers...I want for their pen off right before...I don’t care...all I feel is the flow of you around my head and legs...and all I can think of is I wish knowing to golden water deep inside me...

The flow stops. It’s over. As I’m waiting to see what will happen next, breathing in the breath of you, and laughing myself for being such a pig, hands grab my hands and ankles and begin to set me free. Someone tells me to sit up on my hands like a wing, and as I jump into position thinking about a nice warm shower and relaxing it in the pastures, I realize that they are not doing with me yet. Fuck. What the hell are they possibly do?

His cold water splashes over me, shocking my senses. I jump up off my hands and begin to laugh, basking in

the puddle of water — totally content at the instant pleasure spraying through my body like so many electrical strokes. The electricity shivers as I hear their giddy laughter and hear once again of the submission. My Brother utters the bloodfield and a shivering flash of white sunlight burns my eyes. I can’t see, again, will can’t see, and finally close my eyes. The brother pulls the shade back, the white sun into my eyes as I start to get up. I will push forward and my Brother yells. “O.K., Mischance, get up and keep your eyes closed. I follow him, anything around, and finally open my eyes to realize that the bar has shifted down to the ship in the lower where the human eyes spider web things between two stars.

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**I’m ready to do anything for Him...I want to look like sports...I want to nurse on His cock...**

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“Have got your eyes open? Mischance?” I quickly close the eyes and yell out “Keep, K.K. Pigeon, WISE”. He utters the bloodfield and orders me to drop to my knees and crawl like a doggy boy. I crawl and crawl, trying to gingerly lower each knee to avoid the stones and rocks, remembering how I wanted to be the General’s doggy boy this weekend. “Here with it was the General finding the ground instead of this ship. Well, it adds the foundation of it all,” I think to myself.

Close time. Someone tells me to concentrate the voice that I hear and to follow the instructions of whatever gives them. “This way, pig boy. Turn right,” I hear, turn right and crawl. “Hey, you fucker! pig, get your ass over here!” I turn to the left and crawl. “Turn around, Mischance!” I get around, crawl and listen for another voice. “Turn to your right, piggy.” To the right I turn and crawl and crawl. “Now left, left.” That second voice changes to, “Go slightly to the right.” My knees are sore...and I’m too tired to

think about rocks...but I keep crawling, the sun soaking my back, sweat running down my face...

**S**igh! “Get up, pig boy!” Hands grab both hand and raise them up...Maybe they’ve tired of their little game and they’re asking my resources off...maybe call it quits...but, alas, I’m pulled forward and feel the spreader board with my fingers as they clip the submission into place...I arch my back and display my legs, hoping they’ll fix me there...and wait, and wait...

Wait. The ring of a Pigeon hits into my ear. My chest drifts, and my shoulders push out on my back slowly left and right, waiting for the next blow...Wait. It’s not the Major General — too fast enough. I finally wonder who it is before my mind shifts my attention to the tip of the whip. I clasp my eyes shut, tell myself to continue each beat, and wait for the black hole to come again again and guide me through the pain into bliss...

That whip shall never again...I can feel the fire hot feeling at the bottom of the expanding black hole inside before my mind’s eye...its hot shocks fire, my backside quakes as I concentrate on the distance of the beating backbeat — in perfect rhythm with the beat of the whip. Last after last, my backside drops. All I want to rock...

**T**hese hands seize my arms, and move to release the submission. I drop to my knees. I don’t know what I am doing. Someone says to rise, so I drop my forehead to the ground and clutch my legs, wiring my head on the ground — my ass hot melting on the floor. The black hole is gone, yet my mind is far away, maybe my mind left in the shuddering hole? I don’t know. I don’t know anything more, except that I am there...

The mouth of heaven on the grass. Someone is behind me again. Whoever it is, he says something to me. I think he wants my ass, so I push it out and





# Casey

**I** stood in the bathroom at the Catalyst, a club in San Diego, and waited for my turn to piss. In front of me was a group of young, well-proportioned, pinning heavily into the metal trough, yelling and joking and shoving off. They'd come in the Catalyst on a Friday night to have loud bands and to get offhanded and to get laid. Our drinking so much beer as they needed to work up the courage to approach a female means many trips to the men's room, or a man's consistently crowded place.

I didn't mind, of course. I never mind being surrounded by young, jutting, testosterone-saturated boys. And these guys had been drinking and were sweaty, dazed, therefore, all of them beautiful and simultaneously some of the problem here.

Finally a space opened up at the trough and I crowded through and took my place in the shivering line of pissers. I looked out my cock and, since it'd had a lot of beer myself and since I'd been waiting quite a while, I had no trouble taking up with a powerful jet of piss against the back of the shiny metal trough.

"Fuck, man! You have holdin' it in or what?" the young guy next to me asked, laughing and drunk. "Fuckin' break down the building with that power!"

I laughed with him and took the opportunity to take a quick, surreptitious look out of the kid's dick. It was a fat wiff, hanging out of his baggy pants. Most every man has his way of holding his dick, which he pines. Usually, he's learned it by watching his dad piss. This guy was the kind who didn't hold his balls out with his dick — some guys like to give the whole set of testicles air. This guy only had his long, soft cock out, and he

was holding it almost silently, using the tips of two fingers around the very tip of it — a nice tapered hand that looks like it's open, out of which the piss was spraying — and he was directing the stream with it, like a fountain at the end of a line, white, rainy bellows.

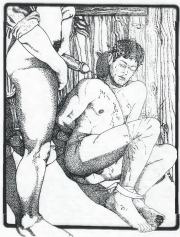
Just then, some drinks gone from behind me, someone in the shivering whump of out-of-control drunken young men, with sweat-soaking white socks and socks from all these guys. The kid holding my cock shudder came close to falling, and I knew that he really, really didn't want to fall down on the floor on the floor. Quickly, I grabbed him by the arm and shoulder hold him up. He continued to piss, out of control, a perfect jet of yellow beer-piss. He smiled, shivering, and the stream jerked (over and) against all over my pants and skin. I instantly felt the warmth of it soak through. But there wasn't a lot of it, not so much that people out in the dark club could tell, especially not through the sweat that already coated my clothes, but enough so that for the rest of the evening I'd be catching, shifts of the boy's piss on his overclothes.

"Oh fuck, sorry, man, sorry," the guy apologized drunkenly but sincerely, his spine bent, still shivering outside his pants.

"No problem, bro. Don't worry 't." I responded amiably. As he regained his balance, I cupped a quick fist, feeling the back of my hand against his warm, soft cock. I

By D. Felt

All by M&M



grinned as I told the man's name, knowing that I'd go home later that night and stuff the clothes and heat my own meat standing above the kid's long, lit-up, repelling pipe-line.

**B**ack in the club, some local punk band was playing. All the men were up near the stage, leaning into the band and violently moshing. Most of the women were hanging around, watching the guys get their violence without violent cost. I was a bit, usually, twenty years old and I was having a great time. I saw a table open up at the bar, so I grabbed it, sitting in between the two folks to either side of me.

It was a close fit, so I had to work myself in. The bartender, the musician, Casey, watched, knowing. After a couple of minutes he gave over. He started smiling for my order. I was drunk enough just now and got back to him. Casey is pretty famous within town. He basically single-handedly holds this — the toughest professional bar in Southern California — together. He's all handsome, handsome, muscular. Probably steps to fuck with him, the other are concerned with income, dark, serious. His so-so-muscle (swaggle) is chunky but sexy, the price of tough living and loss of the lights, loss of wine. And not in the boxing ring.

By this time, though, I had a few, went back on. I was soaked in sweat and young male piss, and I was feeling fine. "So I just sat there and looked at Casey and grinned for me good reason. "Last call in one minute, so what're want? Fucker order or get out."

"Not here. Any help?"

"Come on, man," Casey said. "What's it be?"

"That whatever, cheapest you got." I kept grinning, even though I'd made no point with the famous Casey. He'd told me so a fucker. And in the liquor, I guess I was a little something of a lightweight. Two beers in so-light, one hundred and one. And, as a lot of these people know, I'm a flag. In fact, I'd walked off a good number of the

guy's up there in the month-old, as well as the drummer of the band.

And even though most of their girlfriends didn't know about this the rest, they definitely suspected something. Most of the women in the joint crowd were from me, and I wasn't out of line. I was from something more like a contempt for under competition. Casey clearly knew all about this. Casey knew about everything that went on in this club.

He brought me my draft beer and I grabbed a good portion of it right off. Through heavy eyes, I suspected more. Things were beginning to swim just a little and I realized that I was drunk. Really drunk. So I did the only responsible thing: I closed the rest of my beer and tried to go-out to make shit before things shut down.



**B**ut I was more drunk than I'd thought, and as I tried to get up, I started to fall over. The woman on my right got linked up in my drunken arms and we both went down on the floor together. The guy behind the lady who'd been standing to her right, was suddenly pissed off and ready to fight. But before any of us knew it, Casey came in, pulling all three of us apart.

"You and you," he said, pointing to the guy and the girl. "You can say this. If you're pointing to me, I'll punch the fuck out of him."

"Bye! I —" I started to protest.

"Why do —"

Casey looked forward and in a voice full of contempt he said, "You're a fuckin' bigger drink. A fuckin' fuckin' I know why you come here. Get out. Now!" All this just a few inches from my face. I could feel his warm breath on my face. And even though I was furious at what he was saying, despite myself I couldn't help but feel moved by his dismissal.

**C**asey grabbed me by the arm, hand, in here. I knew I'd be "banned" from his cold grip. He pulled me to my feet and dragged me to the door. This was all as humiliating as it sounds. And it got worse. He moved me out the door of the club and outside the street. I looked back toward the club to see Casey talking to the doorman. All I could hear was "...management is here again. A fucking flag..."

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**This was one of those rare guys who are true musicians, men whose heavy hanging dick gave them status and public respect.**

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I couldn't believe what was happening. From these nightmares. And to make things worse, I was still drunk, sitting on my knees the sidewalk where Casey had pushed me, looking up at him as he told the doorman not to let me back in again. But what was most amazing was that I couldn't take my eyes off of Casey, the powerful, virile, who'd just thrown me out on my ass. He stood there in filthy light jeans, a red t-shirt, a lightning chain of sweat on his arms. The t-shirt was right enough so I could easily see the red edges of his belly, the points of his feet sticking-standing out. His hair long and dark brown, looked like it hadn't been washed for weeks. I began to bury my face in it and smell deeply.

And when Casey's legs met me, the kind of full help that most that

this was a man who could wrap himself with authority through his beard so that he looked in his control. This was one of those rare guys who are true cocksmen, men whose hairy hanging chads gave them status and public respect. And Casey certainly had the reputation as a prime fucker, according to the nation.

But only with women, I concluded myself. And anyway, the guy had just really shocked and humiliated me. But this just made me look more longingly at his huge fucker, right beautiful torso, almost like authority. Casey finished talking with the doorman and turned and walked back into the smolder-filled club. The doorman turned to me and gave me a withering stare, muttering something under his breath. The sidewalk was suddenly very cold and hard under its soft, slushy ice. And to tell you the truth, I was too drunk to even stand up. I almost laughed at myself when I found myself crawling over to the entrance of the alley next to the club. I crashed against the wall and just let the world beat me down.

It was, after all, a beautiful San Diego summer night. Bright moon, warm air, sweet-smelling breezes wafting in from the Pacific. I took a deep breath and suddenly felt immensely sick. I leaned forward and vomited into the sidewalk next to me. "Chow," I thought. "This is the worst. The best, too." I was wrong.

Meanwhile, I put my head into my hands, moaning pathetically to myself. I heard people leaving the club, walking around me, some almost tripping over me. I felt like a hunk, I spit up to go get the taste of vomit and booze out of my mouth. Disgusting. A total waste-out.

I must've fallen into something of shape or sleep or something, because I suddenly woke up feeling a warm liquid rain falling on me. At least that's what I thought it was at first. Then I heard the giggling and laughing, and a young voice from some distance mut-

tering "Fuckin' shit-head faggot..." Obviously I took up just as I realized that the rain was concentrated into a few powerful streams, not a fine mist of drops. What was going on?

Those young guys were standing around me, holding their long soft cocks in their hands, playing on me.

I tried at first to crawl away, awkwardly cut to the side—but the guys laughed and followed me, making me with their hot piss.

In retrospect, I think maybe I should've been more shocked, humiliated even: I was getting pissed all over right here in public, in front of all the young people walking out of the club. And I knew just of these people. Know them pretty damn well.

But I couldn't be all that innocent, so all the truth, because all those of the young boys were fine specimens of Southern California cockpunks. Good-

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**I just kept swallowing  
gulf after gulf of that  
warm, fresh, earlier:  
punch-bay piss.**

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looking boys in faggot pants, one of them — the dirty blonde subliminal one — had been shut-off. In the dim-light I could see his perfect lean torso. It tapered down to hard, defined abdominal ridges, so tight small waist. There was a dark line of hair leading down from his navel. His pants were open, and he was holding his big fat cock, shooting it a mile like a slug gun, shooting a powerful stream of hot nearly pine down onto me. Calming and drunk, the beautiful body had now totally into humiliating the faggot or his feet.

And I looked up, my jaw now slack from the force, the freedom and shock of feeling myself at the center of this unbelievable scene. I felt splashes of piss hit my lips, my tongue. I tried not, my legs, humiliated. And then—so even my own shock—I lowered my head back and opened my mouth, taking the yellow stream of the steaming blonde

hot spit in my mouth, swallowing as much as I could get.

They all then looked with almost amazement, "TV fucker's diggin' it?"

"Oh, yeah? Watch it! Dig down!"

"Look man, down it!" he?

They approached me, their streamers right into my face, now's drowning me with the warm acid there. But to tell you the truth, I was in a drunken glass-thinking fog's heaven. I just kept swallowing gulf after gulf of that warm, fresh, earlier-punch-bay piss. I could almost be galled almost to, and they all began to swirl and close, filling things about showering the fog, just in time and so on. I felt my body, filling with the salty flow. And then I felt another stream start up, then another. I looked up through the haze of yellow spray and saw two more men joining in, then another and another. It was getting to crowded around me as a final beam in the moon's cream trough!

A couple of times, I got kicked by one of them. But the flood of hot piss made it all right. One guy I remembered was a handsome, clean-cut collegian kid, getting his pants by joining in with the others, pants becoming the punch-bay target. I noticed him in particular because he was one of the ones I'd picked off a couple of times when he was at the club and his golf-club was up of town. Tonight, the man was standing behind him, humiliatedly trying to pull him away from the crowd of headgear boys, telling him that it wasn't right, that they should go and so forth. But I didn't have a lot of sympathy in his voice. And I heard him saying, "Use both, faggot, or" faggot heard it. He's right, I'm down from a bar-off! And look one of the men's steady right on the money.

Then suddenly, everything changed. And I mean everything. There I was, a random young man's piss, thinking every drop I could get, showering in punch-bay stream of hot wet ash. It washed my hair, it washed my clothes. I shook and shook until for a moment

then I really thought I might dream—dream a happy man. But then I hear another voice, deep and angry, coming toward me. I couldn't make out what it was saying—I was getting dumber, even though I was staring the clocked with the many square of gas. I was dreaming—but I sure as hell could tell about dark, voice it was—Cary, the lawyer.

"Can she back out of here. Or the back away from the piece?" He was shouting with rage, pushing the people away. They all instantly retreated. His authority in this joint was absolute. Within a minute or so there was no-one left around the entrance to the club but me, sitting, cross-legged on the couch, and Cary, standing there in, crossed.

I was a pretty good man. I could hear his breathing, but I was too concerned and afraid to look up. I kept the feeling that I'd looked up beyond any possible redemption and that I was about to get my just deserts. I was already burned up from the evening's passionless. I really didn't think I could deal with a whole lot more.

All I could bring myself to do is to look a few at someone the sidewalk at his black leather wingtip boots. They were big and shiny and would crush the leather from where I sat. If they or his expected to get kicked or pounded at any moment, pointed to what on high of my life—and it was now too fucked up and afraid to try to defend myself.

So I did the best I could at the time; I begged for mercy. Yeah, I'm ashamed to admit it now, but I sat there, my hands over my head, looking desperately, humbly, begging not to be hurt. And worse: I'm pretty sure I even started to cry a little, but somehow I kept crying down my cheeks, on my propped face, begging this straight white-male stranger not to punish me. A great moment for gay pride, I would say.

But Cary wasn't talking anymore. He was just standing there.

There was no one around me. Even the doorman had gone home. We were absolutely alone on the deserted street. I didn't have a choice in the matter.

However my rules, I could hear his heavy breathing. And through my nose, I could see his big black boots just a foot or so away from me. As I kept up a rapid stream of sobbing and begging, I noticed one without thinking—it was, like, automatic—and gingerly touched the edge of his right foot. He moved the foot a little, but he didn't move it away. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, so I kept up the red-neck sobbing and I gently caressed his foot with my hands. Swift reaction. For all I knew, he was leading the gas or pulling me the knife. And maybe it was the fact that I felt no such a complete edge, no complete tension, that I did what I did, did it automatically. did simply what I most wanted to do. Maybe it was the fact that maybe the reason, or maybe it's really just what I wanted—maybe not.

And after I did what I wanted I turned over, still begging and sobbing, until my face was just inches above his right foot. I felt some drooping down, splashing on the foot. And I bent down and deliberately kissed first one shoe the other foot.

I heard Cary gasp quietly. Then he murmured "What" under his breath. Then he just said it out loud. "What?" I can imagine how it must have felt in time: this drunk, fucked-up, prostrated big man with a voice like his boots, that I didn't worry about it then. I thought he knew more things—now this is most—adding some things to it, and I wanted to lick some of the naked dirt and stone and mud off of them. At this point, crying from off seemed like the best thing I could be doing, the most productive act of my entire being.

And suddenly, Cary just stood there and let me do it. He let me lick his boots for a long, long time. Until first one foot and then the other foot was warm, shiny leather shoes, beautiful and

strong in the bright moonlight, it now reflected. Then Cary pulled back. He walked away, toward the club entrance. I was shocked but strangely happy. I'd never felt quite so good inside as I had while I'd been cleaning his feet, everything from him.

It was simple, sexual, meaningful, fun—and perfect.

And then, to my delight, Cary turned back to my and said, "Wait there, just wait right there. Don't move." And without thinking, a single further thought—no thought, thinking, itself would feel like a disturbance—I simply sat and waited my turn. If I remember my state of mind correctly, it was something along the lines of, "Whatever the man in those heavy boots me to do is fuckin' law." It was so true that I'd found some kind of inner law for my life here, on San Diego's sidewalk, inside in my own pain and the pain of nearly a dozen people like.

Anyway, I waited. And I waited and more, instead of just sitting on a cold sidewalk feeling sorry for myself, I was waiting for authority to return and do with me as it saw fit. Even though the doorman slept, this struck me as a very new development in my life. And so be honest, I couldn't tell how much was a joke the longer man playing on me and how much was my seeing a part of myself that I'd hidden from myself all these years. But I was damned certain that I'd found it—myself.

So I waited. And, waiting, I felt nothing. I was weakened by a Gary Link in my belt and a permanent command of, "Up, mother-fucker!" So, following the instinct that so many human males are born to (and that so many fight against), the instinct of submission and obedience, I calmly stood and followed the dark outline that was Cary.

He took me to his nearby apartment. We just had to walk a couple of blocks. It was a big place that looked "fancier" the moment I crossed the threshold. After he'd closed the door

door to the apartment, Gary began to talk to me as he moved about, juggling through the machines from work to home. I found him saying something about how he'd had a flaking about me for a while, how he'd noticed me in the club before, had heard all the rumors and stories about me getting drunk on my knees and vomiting all paths other than the dark corner of the club.

**A**nd Gary had a feeling about me. Although he "wasn't me as I am," he told me, he knew what made different kinds of men—and women—tick. Adding "these are when he was me?" I wondered what that meant, but then again, I had an inkling already. I was a quiet and tired kind of love creature.

In one point, Gary opened the top drawer in a chest-of-drawers and pulled something out. He turned around and came over to me, now giving a charming grin, like the one that'd caught a hapless candy. I felt my self-swallow break. It was suddenly serious, he seemed. "I'd been in plenty of 'cheapen' apartments, but no strange as well as the respectable behavior of most men. But for some reason this all felt different with you, as though for the first time it wasn't just a display. I felt as though we were moving not into but out of feelings, as though everything I'd been living before had been a practice game for tonight.

And then Gary said the things he said that night, and he said them quietly and clearly. I've never been able to repeat the words since. He's certainly never had to: "You want to feeling to another man?" He was still grinning his dark and warm grin.

I panted, choked. Then I felt something deep inside me and the answer was from my heart for my lips to say. So I smiled and said, "Yes."

"You willing to let all your personal desires and better go so you can have just me?" he asked and asked?

Thinking I didn't need to answer. I just agreed with this new and fine feel-

ing. I nodded again. "Yes."

"To your sleep and rest need to be covered by a man who'll have absolute control over you?"

I didn't hesitate at all before nodding and saying in a surprisingly clear voice, "Yes, yes. That's what I want."

"Do you take me as your owner and life-master?" His grin was gone now. We were both feeling the weight of these moments, the seriousness of the ritual.

"I take you as my owner and life-master."

"Think about this for a minute and then answer me again. Do you take me as your owner and life-master?"

I stood before him and I thought and felt and still means certain as I'd been of anything in my life. "Yes," I



answered. "Yes I do."

**O**nce again he asked me: "Think about this for one last time. After this, there's no turning back, no changing of minds. Take me more master and more owner this occasion. Do you take me as your owner and life-master?"

Again I stood and thought and felt. I saw Gary before me, but more than seeing him, I felt his strength. And I felt what seemed to be an animal-like sensitivity to what we were sharing here. What have I been doing all my life, I wondered. How had I missed this about myself? I felt suddenly overwhelmed with gratitude toward this

man before me, and I knew that the depth of my gratitude was the answer that I needed. In giving the gift to another man as his property, in having another man as my owner and master, I wasn't losing anything at all. Instead, I was gaining the true life, my true purpose.

"Yes," I said quietly and firmly, with deep conviction. "Yes, I take you as my owner and life-master."

And that was when Gary looked what he'd taken from the drawer a few minutes ago. It was a small length of simple leather, exactly the sort you'd use for tying a horse's foot.

"Here," he said. And this time the top of his voice was edged differently. It was a subtle difference, but it was clear that this was the longer conversation he'd intended. From that point onward, I took that control for

**I dreamed of sliding into a huge pool of pain, of sliding under the surface of it, drinking inaudible amounts, and suddenly feeling an enormous hand reach to deep below the surface and lift me out until I was lying head high ...**

I took in that of him and he had the simple word loudly around my neck.

"This means that you are being released. For the time that you were this, I'll be putting special attention into just getting you through the hours. As soon as that's done off and you'll move up a step. When you've learned about that and how?"

I nodded, simply knowing, trying to absorb all the changes. The word hung around my neck. I turned a small frown, and noticed that a part of me was feeling in this. I realized it, I

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found it hell not to take off this suit and not not work you. I found it way to me that I was too important for this sort of situation, that I had a career to keep up, work habits, commitments to adhere to, my own. I figured in this complaining voice inside my head— voice I'd always simply thought of as myself before tonight—and I stayed where I was. This was the beginning of my leaving.

"This apartment is your home for now. I'm going to keep you here until for a while. After a few months you may or may not get your own place. I'll see how it feels. In two days, you'll go to your old home, they'll settle things there. Then you'll come back here. Understood?"

Even as I nodded at Casey, I felt the spirit of rebellion inside me. And I heard that voice crying out to me: "Are you sure?" What the hell are you doing? "You don't even know this guy?" And my response was to just quietly and passively accept that voice, rather than feeling. There was the voice of all my insecurities, all my inadequacies, all the dissatisfaction I'd had in my life. More than anything else, I wanted to leave adolescence, leave to play the life of another man above my own as important and no less as ready as I was for him. It felt right then. It still feels right now.

"I'll find you a part-time job in the club until I can see how you fit in a waiter. Later, when you're ready for it, and depending on how you do, I'll find some other job for you. I'll never be much of a job. I'll tell you that now. Because your work is always, from this point on, going to be defining your life, your home and your thoughts to carrying me, every moment of the day. Understood?"

It was as though he was speaking from inside my mind, I thought. "I understand. . . And I agree. I agree to everything you say and tell me to do. I belong to you and I accept you as my destiny and unquestioned authority in

every aspect of my life." The words flowed from me as though I'd been waiting for years to say them.

"Good. Now get in the bathroom and shower down. You feeling sick?"

He was right, of course, I noticed. And though I found myself still watching the rich pin-curl that I was shocked in, I wanted to be clean if Casey wanted me clean. So I went into the apartment's tiny, narrow bathroom and stripped off my clothes. I took a quick, long, steam shower and afterward I dried myself off quickly. As I'd showered, Casey had come in and taken away my clothes. So I walked back out into the living room naked as the silver I saw was, wearing only the single thin strand of leather around my neck.

Casey was sitting in a big old overstuffed easy chair, glowing at me. The television was on, some late-night movie.

**And I could smell the deep, musky aroma of male; his pants wouldn't have been washed in the last month or two. The smell was warm, sticky, wonderful.**

"Let's get started," he said slowly. "Take care of me and let's see how you do."

In retrospect, I can't believe that the events around I didn't know what he was talking about. I mean, I know that I'd just agreed—voluntarily not—to be the possession of this man, I'd looked in his hands clean and everything. He knew I was a virgin, had come out ready, young breasts of hot pink. But I also knew Casey's reputation: a total body's man. Pathetic thought. I'd even had a conversation in the club with his latest girlfriend, a very attractive waitress who was, if not the brightest woman in the world, certainly devoted to her man. So you can't blame me if for just a moment

I hesitated.

Then then he pointed to the spot on the floor between his feet, between his long legs. And I got down on my knees, before him and looked up at his face expectantly.

But he wasn't looking at me. He was watching the movie on TV. As he'd I felt a little of my old inhibition—a hot later—rising up. I heard that inner voice saying, "This man, pay attention to me!" But then I realized that this, like almost all situations, was an exercise in submission and selflessness. This was my new killing discipline and I'd better get started on it.

So I wondered what this man before me might want. And I decided to start off with what I knew how to do best: work cock.

I've always had a weakness for straight men, and here I was kneeling in front of a handsome, muscular, muscular specimen. I leaned forward and cupped my face gently against the bulging artery veins that looked like pistons. Casey didn't move, didn't take his attention away from the TV. I tried that the heat radiating from his body, from the man's arm bulge that held his cock and balls, and it could smell the deep, musky aroma of male; his pants wouldn't have been washed in the last month or two. The smell was warm, sticky, wonderful. I inhaled deeply. Breathing it in, getting drunk off it over again and it.

I started to gently run my tongue over the faded places on the inside of his pants where his genitals had contacted me. Careful to not disturb Casey, nervousness from him as he relaxed down. I ran my tongue lovingly over the hole his big red cock made. As the pants got warm from my breath and saliva, it began to release its contents in greater profusion and clarity. I could smell and taste Casey's piss when it had shot on his pants, probably from droppings of the golden stuff after he'd taken a leak at work.

I couldn't feel any stirring or growing of his cock. I reached up and

Carefully ran my hand over his mouth, keeping my fist close to it. It was then that I began to realize what I was doing: my wishbone. It is representative of what I felt like through those dark pains, that was a moment of a rock!

**M**y breathing got faster and I felt my own teeth rattling inside my stomach. I could Casey's teeth. Harley-Davidson felt inside and clearly, steadily, understood his pain. After the first few or three hours were over, I could see the fat rest of the thing, getting out from a full tank of dark plastic hair. It looked to be like that my mind? I'd never seen anything like it. His wonder Casey had such natural authority. I could still only see a very small fraction of it, the rest of the thing, and I was already in love, interested, in me. The head, the mouth, even of the thing was like a wide rocky field of teeth, a thick web that reached down deeper to his pain.

Unwillingly I opened the rest of the hollow. It was like uncovering a climbing problem, the fence, thickens rock. I'd not seen. And I had no idea how long the thing was close to hand was still behind deep in Casey's pain, for down his right leg.

The smell was wonderful, warm, sticky. I reached in and pulled the huge teeth out of the right side of my mouth. It was like pulling a long snake slowly out of the earth. It felt like coming out, dark dark and warm. Finally the head appeared and I could see the whole magnificent thing out to hang between Casey's legs. It hung down well beyond the edge of the chair as though it was trying to reach for the ground. This, I thought to myself, is a work to describe your life to. And I knew I'd done the right thing.

Then the long way. Casey used the space to turn down the sound on the television and answered the phone.

"Oh... My baby. How'd your day go?"

My god, I thought, I'm sitting here making an old god's amazing work,

and I'm in love, while he's talking with his girlfriend. I paused for a couple of seconds to see if he'd pull back, if he'd tell me to back off. But he didn't. He just sat there with his work beginning, hanging down inches from my face, asking to his girlfriend.

"Look, some pretty sticky mouth tonight. How was the weekend? You got your 'out tonight?' Look, I'd love it, for you to a beautiful, baby." He hung up. I moved back, starting to get up on my feet.

"What're you doing? You're not finished yet, bud. I said better!" —the girlfriend—"No guess off, but you gotta gotta definition also gets here." I heard the space to bring the mouth back on the TV screen. "I had a look of a lot to think tonight and I've been living it up all night. Done. Now."

**S**o I dropped to my knees again, and he walked out and put his hand on the back of my head. Pulling me toward his mouth, he felt absolutely no resistance there was

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**"Open," my owner said to me. I opened my mouth. He lifted up the head of his cock and almost casually put it in my waiting mouth. ... I got hints of sweat and grin. And I thought I got a taste of old women, but that may have been wishful thinking.**

making I wanted more than to taste his man's hot meat. With his other hand Casey reached into his pants and teased out two of the biggest balls I'd ever seen. They were like langes, but dark-skinned balls, not that actually reached down into below the end of his man's mouth statement. I was overwhelmed by the sight of it, by the intense how I felt coming from his mouth, by the delicious mouth mouth of a real man's thickness and full. He pulled my face against

him, I felt the warm smooth flesh against my cheek. I swallowed, feeling almost pain, not through my teeth but somewhere deep inside my body.

"Open," he never said to me. I opened my mouth. He lifted up the head of his cock and almost casually put it in my waiting mouth. I felt myself relaxing as he put the most beautiful thing in the world in my mouth. I could taste the hot flesh as I opened my lips around it. I got hints of sweat and grin. And I thought I got a taste of old women, but that may have been wishful thinking. I started to gently suck on it, sucking and sucking to taste my first taste of the thing that was going to rest the rest of my life.

"Can it eat," he said. He said it quickly, but slowly. For I felt and just as I was sucking, perfectly happy, to just continue to sit that god-like position.

"This is all you got for now, I don't cheat on Robin." I felt hugged more than. It felt like he was going on if this wasn't "cheating?" But I let myself keep doing it, everything, including my life, was now out of Casey's world. I'd let him do anything, thing from that point on, a short question. So I just sat, holding the fat head of his perfect, huge cock in my mouth. I was perfectly happy.

And things got even better. I felt the beginning of a warm wet movie, or first taste of milk, then more steady. It was as if the flow got more, Casey sat back and relaxed, pulling back into the TV screen. This, I thought, is one thing, something amazing too. And so he pulled back in the chair, the warm organic shape of his filling my mouth. I swallowed more and more, gulping down as much as I could. And as his shape faded out and dripped down my chin onto the floor.

**C**asey is not here right now this water's offered a lightning "quick" and very hard dip on the side of my head. I was shocked, but the few seconds from his big cock instantly melted me even more slowly in the water.



relative those colored I'd discovered in myself tonight. And I felt grateful to him for letting me know so clearly and calmly what he didn't like. There was to be no ambiguity for me from this point on.

So I didn't have a single sleep after that. I carefully kept my legs firmly around the shaft of his cock, gradually getting filled with the powerful flow of his piss. I fell into a state beyond of passion, desire, passion. With each breath I could smell the warm, sticky scent of his piss that flowed through his cock into my sensitive mouth and throat. Like that of the boys earlier in the evening, this tasted heavily of alcohol. It was strong and delicious, and the flow was aggressive. I kept swallowing and swallowing, feeling my body being filled, feeling the warm yellow liquid flowing down my open throat. Tears of cock-watching had stained my wall, both in seeing my shame for this man's scolding flow and in being the passive and willing receptacle for whatever came out of another man's cock.

At this time, Casey was still watching TV as though I wasn't there. When the cups of his piss finally went off—there'd been an incredible quantity of it—I stopped with feeling the flow inside until it was just as easy to let it into my mouth. I put my tongue against the plebside at the tip of his penis, multi-layered head of his cock so that the burning flow and was utterly surprised to find that it was really big enough to be one with a good part of my tongue into it. I felt the warm, slick surface of the inside of his cock's penile-bag with my tongue, feeling the hot grade flow of this flow had down my throat. It stopped around my tongue and I savored it before swallowing it down. I felt his cock move his several times as he squeezed the last few drops of piss out of himself just for me.

"OK, relax. No back. Just wait."

I stopped and waited for a few minutes. I felt as though I was filled with golden light. Soon there was a knock in the TV studio. During the commercial, Casey stood up, went into the next room and

returned with a pillow and a couple of blankets.

"For now, the couch is yours. We've got a lot to discuss tomorrow, making and writing up your affairs and so on, so you'll be going to sleep now."

I nodded, feeling perfectly happy to simply fall into the fold of cozy blankets. "When had this guy been off my life? Everything would have been so much easier, so much better for me if I'd met him years ago."

I talked with the couch and Casey moved me with the blankets. He tucked them to around me and gave me a warm pat on the head, gently reminding my long-forgotten Mink hair.

"It's gonna be real good, buddy. You're gonna love this from this point on." And I knew he was right.

The next day, in his chair and watched the movie, keeping the sound down so as not to unintentionally keep the studio. I couldn't off, amazingly, almost immediately, making like what his girlfriend involved in the show. I heard them talk quietly. I heard Casey say something

about a new musician who'd be dropping on the couch for a while. Then I heard them go into his room and close the door. Thoughts here of half-deep and the confusion of being in such new surroundings. I heard the muffled sounds of their love-making whenever was happening. Robin was in heaven. For a moment I imagined Casey's enormous cock sliding deep inside his body girlfriend, and then I stopped imagining it because I found myself wanting the same thing for myself. I didn't want to move in the direction of jealousy—there were too many already. What was going to happen to me? And who was this guy I'd accepted as my authority, my parent.

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I fell asleep with a full belly, lulled by the rhythmic sounds of the sawmaking in the next room. I dreamed of diving into a huge pool of pine, of sliding under the surface of it, feeling incredible currents, and suddenly finding an enormous hand reach in deep below the surface and lift me around. I was being hoisted high in the air, held in the giant hand of a water-loving Gump who glided wondrously at me. He reached out of the depths in the edge of the warm pine-pool and sat on the sandy shore. The sun was high overhead, warm and bright, so Curry the giant reached on the sand and placed me down on the flat, mossy floor.

I remained motionless, through a soft forest of dark, thick public trees, until I finally found what I'd been searching for: the vast expanse of his smooth, giant neck. And I walked out onto the surface of it and lay down, basking in the vast heat of the sun above and the gigantic phallic heat below me. My head swam in one of the huge dark veins that ran like a stream across the surface of this vast neck. I could feel the slow, strong pulse flowing through the vein under my head, the pulse of my owner's vast and unconquerable heart. ☐

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June 16, 19 & 20, 1997

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Please reserve a weekend pass in my name for the above named event. I enclose \$100 per weekend pass. This pass entitles me to 3 days' use of the facilities at Cathedral City Boys Club unlimited beverages all weekend, admittance to all nights: Water Boys play parties, leather parties, demonstrations and workshops; Bar-B-Q brunch; admittance and/or participation in Pin Olympics; commemorative T-shirt; and a free one night stay at one of our hot beds when the first 2 nights are purchased. Reserve your soon-saw directly with Camp Palms Springs at (800) 761-0963. CCBC, Villa and Desert Palms are sold out. Be sure to mention Water Boys. Wet 'n Hot to ensure you receive discounted room rates (see bottom) and access to our free shuttle service to and from all events.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number ☐ Day ☐ Evening \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby agree to conform to, and to comply with, the rules governing this event. I further agree to hold harmless Water Boys, it's works Inc., Cathedral City Boys Club and their members, guests and representatives for any loss or injury to myself or property which I become involved with by reason of my participation. I do also hereby agree to assume full responsibility for any property damage which I knowingly inflict. I further state that I have been sufficiently warned of the risk by common knowledge of the nature of this event that I do hereby assume all risk and release Water Boys, it's works Inc., Cathedral City Boys Club and their members, guests and representatives from any assumption of risk.

I have read the above carefully and agree to all of its terms and certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

T-shirt size (100% cotton): ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ X-Large

Payment method: ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Visa/MasterCard \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card Expiration Date: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_ Name next address on card \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby authorize Water Boys to charge my credit card \_\_\_\_\_

Note: Charges will appear on your credit card statement as "CATHARTIC"

WEEKEND PASS

Room rates are as follows:

Without Weekend Pass

With Weekend Pass & 3-Night Stay

Single (1 king or 2 queen beds)

\$110.00 per night

\$29.00 per night

1-B/R (1 king bed & 1 queen-coach)

\$110.00 per night

\$32.00 per night

2-B/R Suite (2 king beds & 1 queen-coach)

\$139.00 per night

\$72.00 per night

Three day passes are available for \$25. These include the purchase to attend all events (parties and workshops only) at CCBC for one day and to receive free refreshments on CCBC premises for one day. BBQ, T-shirt and room discount not applicable. These will be sold at the event ONLY and CCBC reaches capacity for that day, so arrive early!

Call Sterling Travel at (800) 449-1479 for special group rates. Ask for David or Kim O'NEIL.

Mail or fax completed form and payment to:

Water Boys, 1286 University Avenue #101, San Diego, Ca. 92103-2112 + fax (619) 464-1871

# PORKIN' AROUND WITH "SPLASH" ALAN



Splash Alan  
P.O. Box 23251  
San Diego, Calif. 92183  
619-285-6872 (message line)  
E-Mail: [SplashAlan@juno.com](mailto:SplashAlan@juno.com)

"Remember when the statement 'PASS ON TOU' was considered an insult? Times have changed! Nowadays it's more likely to be considered a marriage proposal!"

John Doe

My fellow piggies

Well, as you are still keeping up with all the fascinating facts, in September the beautiful city of San Francisco hosted the annual Pardon My Piggy, Western's favorite porcine fest here in both the Doge, Long Beach, and Los Angeles and spread across its Western World all newspapers and a many Pardon My Piggy July issue about that celebration in this issue. "Wow!!" Keep it piggy for the marriage and love of the town.

I'll start with the San Diego fest here in the Eagle fest. It was here I met the Eagle fest here lady, your favorite wedding and children's event star of the fest here from "Wine Town". We took the place I usually show up at the Eagle fest here wearing all white boots. I was two big friends, and it was here. The festival here was a great time meeting all the other friends. After the fest here I met all those great friends a piggy it's just like. It was here I met a new world party after the fest here and sometimes there is, some big friends and all my friends. With my white boots in overflown. And, and. Some more in all the friends just delight in filling my friends. I encourage everyone to bring someone to give this festival things to. They usually live up to all my friends. What do I do with all the friends and friends? Well, when I go home I like to see the friends and friends. I was wearing the white boots and friends and all my friends off while giving myself a piggy. Some with all the friends and friends. Thank you!! Thank you.

The annual Pardon My Piggy was really a wonderful day. For some reason many more all in one place in all the friends. I was with my other half here and another piggy friend and one little piggy was here for the first time in the Friday night of the festival and by the way about the friends here. Some friends and friends, some friends and friends. The friends here friends.













# Teddy

## And His Little Bear

by Marilee Lutz

Whenever Jeff's college classes for Spring break, he would not attend the three-day vacation trips the other students took, nor did he want to spend money just to make a short visit home. Instead, he took advantage of the time to earn some extra money to help him with the expenses and took a part-time job working tables at an inn in one of the neighboring villages.

The inn was a handsome old building in another tiny New England village and had been there for over two hundred years serving to a large affluent clientele from every season. It had some of the prettiest day accommodations; the guests carried their own luggage to their rooms, equidistant to two floors, there was no television, no air conditioning, the windows did not always close tightly and some of the doors did not completely close. Everything was informal, the doors had no locks and visitors shared a common bathroom at the end of a long, drafty hall. The guests traveled this hallway in various stages of dress and undress, depending on their mood. Though the building was not modern, it was clean and adequate and the inn had a reputation for the most wonderful food in the area at modest prices. The inn had was always full of laughing couples and the dining room looked like a hotel in addition to the organized guests, so there was always good food and good beds.

Even though his natural dorm room was not for the money, Jeff chose to stay at the inn where he was given a room on the top floor, back over the kitchen, with one or two other workers as neighbors. This other help changed regularly due

to the low pay scale and there were always different faces each time he would arrive. Not many of the students needed the rest of part-time work and Jeff was one of only a few who made money this way, and at this time, probably the youngest and best looking.

However, he had always been a hard case from previous times. It was Teddy, the bartender, Teddy apparently came with the building and as far as anyone could recall, he had always been there. He was apathetic, though he somehow impressed another one to his

**Teddy was in good physical shape, tall and thin, athletic looking from his schedule of hard physical work. His face was weathered from the elements and his large hands bore the look of a workman.**

mode of dress and attitude. It was presumed that he was at least in his sixties, but probably older. He was carefree, though slow and trained on air of indifference, slipping food around when spoken to in an unpleasant way or ordered done impatiently.

Occasionally, a guest would comment about his manner of dress and complaints about his condition of life usually came with no direct comments, expressing the top of a somewhat aged individual. He wore a beard which he kept neatly trimmed and let his hair grow to a length considered long by some, but nothing excessive. The hair and beard framed his face in a

cloud of silver gray. In spite of an appearance which seemed so decrepit, now, he was often found working and had always been polite to Jeff when they infrequently came into contact, and Jeff thought him to be rather handsome for someone his age. His chilling intrigued Jeff who could only think of it as "boney" for lack of a better word—probably because the faded complexion reminded him of his beloved grandfather who worked a farm and died suddenly. Teddy would never initiate any conversation, but was always there when he returned to help him off.

When Jeff brought his belongings to the guest table room on this most recent trip, he found the door of the room next to his open and could see a faint morning sunned inside behind the open portion of the door, though he could not determine whether it was made of bony or bony, so he made no attempt to knock and very softly. When he came back into the hall to get his second piece of luggage, he could plainly see that his neighbor was Teddy, standing in the middle of the room in his faded sweater, seemingly re-arranging one of the few pieces of modern furniture in the room. When Teddy heard Jeff he turned his head, then his whole body and seemed to smile. "Hi," Jeff said, "I'm back again. Remember me?"

"Of course, young little. Nice to see you again. I was hoping you'd return."

Neither said anything again for a minute or two, seeming to look each other over and make mental notes of whatever changes they could suspect in each other's appearance since last meeting. Jeff appreciated the man in front of him, standing in nothing but his under-

rest and unadorned as eggs to smile.

**T**oddly was in good physical shape, tall and lean, athletic looking from his schedule of hard physical work. His face was weathered from the elements and his large hands bore the look of a workman. The sight which might have provoked a smile was seeing him standing aligned to his long underwear. He seemed so familiar to Jeff from his grandfather's store. The underwear of the old man was not new and it hung loosely on him rather than being form-fitting. It featured both the dark white stripes and one of the bottoms was missing mid-way down. The white color had grayed and the cloth was more thin in some spots like the elbows and knees and especially in the crotch where his work had rubbed the material away and where Jeff could now see an ample bulge hanging like a pendulum. In the same place Jeff could see prominent yellow stains where drops of piss had been retained by the open fabric and left there marks despite many obvious washings. In addition, there was a small wet spot where Toddly had apparently just taken a leak still adding another drop to the garment to increase the already prominent mark.

It was young men wanted to speak, but would not overcome his rather strong attention to this store. He remembered by a sense of familiarity seeing the oldest man wearing this work, faded, piss stained, old fashioned underwear and felt a instant coming within time out. Finally he spoke and told Toddly that he was going to be there for a while and was conveying the most common and odder other words which he could think of.

But he was attracted by the appearance of the yellow stains and wondered if they resulted in the thought they might. As Toddly answered, he moved slightly forward and Jeff could see the bulge in the crotch area moving in synchrony with his body and he was sure he was in drawing up even more slightly but he turned away as he would not appear interested.

**H**ow long are you here for this time? Toddly's workmate Jeff came around to him and as he answered, his eyes automatically dropped to where he had previously been gazing and was now sure Toddly's



work was becoming hard - and that he was making no effort to cover it. Maybe the wet spot was tonight, maybe Toddly was starting to jerk off when he interrupted him and the spot was a little previous because the spot was getting bigger with work get harder. But he did not like this jerk off, Jeff wondered.

He was used to seeing guys at night running around in their underwear - boxers and jockers and talked too, but somehow they never affected him the way the sight of this old man did, in this long underwear sagged and piss stained with his ancient prick getting bigger by the minute.

"I asked how long you were here for?" the old man repeated.

"Just for Spring break," the usual two weeks - most or less? He had asked his dad to meet those of the old man and he felt himself flush because he knew the old man had seen him staring.

"I'm glad we're neighbors, it's better than being next to a complete stranger. By the way, which way to the bathroom?" I was not in this part of the floor but knew and I was a little disappointed." Toddly pointed down the hall in a direction that meant Jeff would have to pass his crotch each time he wanted to use the bathroom. "Good good, very close there! I'll never make it if I have to pass it a busy - I'll probably piss my pants."

"Whatever." The old man smiled, and dropped the spot where the button was showing from his underwear. I'm usually around in my underwear anyway, so if I piss in there I don't remember much. And you never passed your pants - I mean stop you was a leak? I'll be so interested that was sometime" that scared him out of passing you passed yourself and never worried about it - just let it dry up."

"Maybe, but I never did it intentionally, if that's what you mean." This conversation brought his attention back under yellow spots in Toddly's longjohns and he wondered if they were accidental or if the old guy jerked purposefully for them get that way. "Don't tell me you piss your pants on purpose? Why would you do that? It's not like the down the hall to take a leak."

"I know, but sometimes I don't really have to take a big leak - just a short one and then I don't feel like going all that distance, so I just piss my under-

man - or pin it to a glass. I'll pin my luggage, I just let it slip up - which it does after a while - and in the meantime, it smells kind of nice - warm and masculine." His face was expressive but he was staring intently at Jeff. "I really enjoy pinning - there's more to it than just relieving yourself."

Well, perhaps your underwear or perhaps inside out of "what and if you do it in a place - you just have to throw it out anyway, don't you?" Sometimes before the officer answered, Jeff was stuck with the obvious answer - "No you don't!" He asked finally as he slowly turned and looked the other in the eye. He knew the answer and did not feel the least ashamed or be through - meant to

pinning and it stretched against his underwear and tight jeans. He did not move away (he did not know what to say and his hand was now taken by the other man and moved over to slowly to the old man's arse where he felt the warmth of the large prick - without knowing his eyes to look.

Jeff unconsciously looked up and down the dim hallway to see if anyone was here, realizing they were standing in the public corridor. "There's no one here", the old man said. "and you can hear and see down long before they can see us. We're alone. Are you alright?" "Yes, I'm alright," Jeff whispered.

He could no longer resist and suddenly lowered himself to his knees in front of the aged man who stood firmly in front of him with his now rigid cock

firmly erect before him. Most of his competitors had been with younger fellows who were either nervous or brash and they usually removed their balls they were cocked off, so he did not himself have such very hard entry. The slight curve of the policeman retained the state and when further the light material in his pants and the younger guy did not immediately try to stick their with their pin.

He looked up and down the corridor and continuously returned to the unoccupied couch area where he would get his face deep into the underwear and just stuff in the woman. He knew now that he would have to try some pins for himself after he worked the old man off. He had never thrown an

Thinking the old man was going to the toilet down the hall, Jeff started to move away from him, but Teddy held his head firm and kept his cock where it was and looked knowingly into the boy's eyes.

Jeff a bit of embarrassment. Now he realized that he had not been attracted to the man in the old fellow's underwear and wondered if they smelled as nice as they looked.

Teddy moved further into his room into the dim light of the hallway and Jeff saw that he was now bent and pushing the thin fabric of the underwear straight out in front of him and he was being happy about it. He moved closer to Jeff who used his hands as if he wanted and almost brushed against his hands which were hanging limp at his sides.

"You're a real nice looking fellow," the older man said softly. "and I also like to speak to you when you were here before. I'm glad you said hello to me this time." He very slowly reached out with one hand and touched Jeff's fingers. Jeff's cock was now hard and

stuck in the boy's hand. The head of the prick pulled away from the emphasis of the skin, glistening with pre-cum moisture. Jeff now had his face into the exposed cock and was conscious by the wonderful colors of the man's genital and his underwear which revealed the dark state of accumulated pins. This was his first experience of appreciating a man's pin and he was eager for more, the head worked back before, but never such an old man and even this was an exhilarating feeling. He felt the large cock head and rubbed at the foreskin which delighted the old man. "Look my big balls, will you, won't?" Jeff obliged and took the massive cock into his mouth, making first one and then the other. The results were wonderful and Jeff wondered how long the man had been wearing this particular underwear - he had never before allowed by any-

old man and did not know how long it would take him to shoot his load - however, he did not object to a prolonged cock session. He liked Teddy's cock, especially since he was sure Jeff liked skin on the dick he needed.

The old man was cooperative and responded to Jeff's working. Moving rapidly forward and back, the motions becoming gradually quicker and his breathing more audible. Jeff felt he was getting ready to come. He gently took Jeff by the face and held his head while he made some final thrusts and Jeff felt the drops of warm spit fill his mouth, thick and salty. The flow continued and Jeff struggled to keep it from running out of his mouth. He was eager to swallow all of it. He had never cocked off on an old man before and he really enjoyed it.

He slowly relinquished the reason for the old man kept his cork in the boy's mouth. "I always have to take a piss after I come off," he said.

Thinking the old man was going to the toilet down the hall, Jeff started to move away from him, but Teddy held his head firm and kept his cork where it was and looked hungrily into the boy's eyes. Jeff remained motionless while Teddy sought any signs of rejection. Inflamed by the piss cork he had enjoyed from the man's underwear and semen, Jeff indicated his willingness to indulge him by licking the head of his penis and looking appreciatively as he stuck his head in an affirmative gesture. At no time, he began to feel a trickle of piss in his mouth and the old man forced his eyes, playing both fast and loose and throwing himself forward as if he were standing at a public urinal. From this position, he increased the force of his piss and Jeff had to swallow more quickly. As faster panicked as he could not keep up with the flow of urine into his mouth, he transported himself so he could fill his mouth, taste it and then swallow it. The old man knew this trick and Jeff was taking advantage of it, covering the same feeling in his mouth and enjoying the realization that he was actually drinking a guy's piss - right from the source!

The old man's supply seemed endless and Jeff was invaluable, playing, licking and swallowing with a newfound expertise. He gripped the man around his legs, hugging him closer to himself in an expression of approval and fondness. When Teddy finally completed himself, Jeff wadded his cork deep into his mouth, rubbing the linings back over the head, searching for the last drop, then again heated his head into the opening of the old man's underwear to capture the wonderful taste and absorb the vision.

When Teddy uncovered his cork, he expected his last drops off on the underwear and Jeff spent time enjoying the taste

that lingered in his mouth. In due time, he produced the inevitable happy which got a smirk from Teddy. "Did you enjoy that, son?"

"Teddy, it was wonderful. You've opened up a new world for me. I've worked jobs before that never drank piss - and I'm glad you were the first one to give it to me. I love your piss - and I love your head too."

Oh Teddy had seen the younger man. "Now when you're alone, you can drink your own, but a word of caution - the first piss of the morning is very strong, and for a beginner, I would suggest you drink later on in the morning."

After a pause, he continued suggestively



ly, "I cock suck and drink piss, too."

Though Jeff had never known an older man before, he had been taught off many stories by members of the faculty and priests when he was younger, so he was not shy about lowering his defenses for anyone - young or old.

Still standing in the hallway, Jeff dropped his pants and Teddy reached out with a helping hand and managed his cork through his pajamas, paying particular attention to his balls which he fondled lovingly. The

cork spring out as it covered the balls and old Teddy looked in amazement, not expecting anything so thick around. It was average length, but tremendous in girth with an equally impressive head, the widest the cork appreciatively had arrived when a particular thrust sent the balls which he captured gently, and eagerly put in his mouth after he had stopped in front of Jeff. This attention to his balls got Jeff to a point where he could not contain himself and he had squirted out into Teddy's face swallowing the ting globe of cum hanging from parts of his thickened lips.

Jeff was after embarrassed and tried to wipe some of it away but the old man told him to leave it. "You can piss it off," he said. "I'll lick up as much of it as I can and you can get the rest," he said, and made such a big show from his mouth he with his tongue.

"What do you want me to do?"

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**He kept his mouth wide open and the urine squirted everywhere and lots of it ran out of his mouth all down his front but he swallowed parts of it, purring with delight.**

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"Listen to me. Start with my head and then get my face and my body. The underwear will soak up more of it - but don't forget my face because I'll want to get a good taste of it. Young piss is different than old piss and I don't get too much young piss. You must have a good bit stuck up the nose, especially after drinking your head. That always makes me want to piss."

Teddy took Jeff's hand and Jeff came up to him so that his cork was just about at his face level. When he felt the piss rising and ready to run, he held his cork right in Teddy's forehead and the first jet of piss hit him there. He moved his penis higher so his head got soaked, then lowered it to his face, letting him

regions in the middle and then coming in on his open mouth where he held it. For a while in the old man-crushed against leader's. Perhaps his mouth-wide open and the spirit spouted everywhere and low, it ran out of his mouth all down his front but he swallowed parts of it, gurgling with delight. Jeff learned his ribs and dived for underwear as it began to get unsewn and cling to the old man, dripping down his body and concrete floor in sticky puddles. The world was entertaining and Jeff found himself in ecstasy. The contact of what became more beautiful and he continued to rub over the old man, leaning to his head, then his face and more again descending the already soaked underwear.

Jeff finally ran dry and he didn't call the last few drops onto the old man who was smiling delightfully, patting his now soaked body and pulling the underwear away from his skin and letting a deep come into chambers, the looked at himself and asked Jeff to do likewise. Jeff kept his mouth open and his back arched as the water leaked under clothes, splashing from the top and sides. They laughed. Lower and held each other for a long time. Jeff had the arms around the old man, holding him from the rear with his arms around his stomach and with his own stomach pressed against the other's back. His hands touched Todd's nipples which pressed to the touch and the other man started with gentle one motion against the younger's chest, which immediately responded by stiffening. Jeff rubbed himself against the more clothing pressed against him and his cock reached for the rear opening of the underwear. In no time he found the old man's asshole, rubbed it with his wetter hand and slowly began to see himself in. The other from the give soaked clothing was finally and drove Jeff to a frenzy. He found himself and drove his wide pink deep into the old man who moved more and then relaxed and let himself be fucked by this eager young stall. Even though the old man

had a big asshole from earlier years of being fucked Jeff's thick cock was a snug fit. Todd was receptive and thoroughly enjoyed having the huge shaft, thrust to him and Jeff lost himself in heady feelings, allowing in and out with increasing rapidly, slowing occasionally to avoid a premature orgasm, trying to please the pleasure and continuing to rub over the other man, speaking in his ear in a seductive whisper almost as a lover.

"You've got a nice asshole. Todd, and you look good for an old man. Am I hurting you?"

"Naps, I haven't been fucked in a long time and it's nice to feel a good prick up my ass again. You just go ahead and spend my hole as much as you want. I'll let you know though you'd be fucking someone probably your grandpa's age."

"I want to fuck you as long as old man. I want your piss and your cum all over me. I want to have you put your prick in my mouth and I want to smell your dirty old underwear. I want to be with you often. I and maybe some day you can fuck me. I've never had it up my ass."

The heavy thick cock ripped at the old man and he began to feel more and more deeply, making little whimpers, but he relaxed his hole more so that the cock could find its mark with less resistance. Jeff would withdraw it so that the big head would be completely out and then insert with one thrust, hanging his stomach against the other man's back, making a strange liquid sound as he stretched against the give soaked body. The more warm Jeff's nipples, the more relaxed Todd became, so they were finally inserted and Jeff disappeared up and rightened his hold on the other man, stiffening his muscles and causing bursts of perspiration from his forehead, hanging like a man possessed, finally collapsing both of them to the wood floor in a spasm of orgasm, growing more deep into the other's asshole, continuing to drive his prick inward, thrusting more to run out and rub

down Todd's leg.

They lay together. Jeff still inside the other man, both motionless, both spent.

"I think I've gotten you," Jeff observed.

"Go ahead."

As this lay there, Jeff's relaxing penis slowly began to ruble a flow of piss which steadily got stronger and stronger, quickly filling Todd's already plugged ass and overflowing over both of them, spilling over the floor in little pools. At the same time Todd let go and his piss ran freely, soaking himself again and mixing with Jeff's which was now running out of the old man's ass creating an enormous pool of piss on the floor which soaked in they moved.

The old man scooped up handfuls and splashed it on his face, throwing some backwards over his shoulders over Jeff who began withdrawing his dripping cock out of the old man's ass. He leaned forward so much to rub any of the piss being sometimes way, taking his face in an effort to taste as much as possible and peddling his arms and hands through the puddles on the floor, creating piss in every direction. Two both lowered their faces in the floor and lapped up urine like little puppies drinking from a puddle.

They finally had enough, and they relaxed, shaking each other on their wet clothing. They stood up and went into their own rooms to clean up - promising to continue the next day.

Master 111 (also in *Two New Masters*) and can often be seen wearing long underwear and white socks. Although he claims the clothes are in his name are purely fictional (he's right) and says accidents do not hurt characters is purely coincidental (whatever!) he could have taken a look at? He claims not to know any homosexual Jeff (and he) never talked what's off or had sex with men and boys and she in the woods. Like the military we men I and...and he obviously wasn't off.

# PIG PERSONALS

Hundreds of Hot Pigs

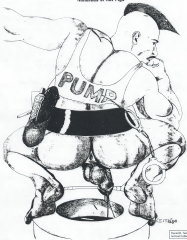


Illustration: Todd A. Schmitt/Red Bull











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**Abstract**



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**Abstract**—The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 10-week training program on the physical fitness of 10-year-old children. The program was designed to improve cardiovascular endurance, muscular strength, and flexibility. The results showed that the children who participated in the program showed significant improvements in all three areas of fitness compared to the control group. The program was well-received by the children and their parents, and it was concluded that such programs are beneficial for the physical development of young children.

The following table shows the results of the regression analysis for the dependent variable "Perceived Organizational Support" (POS). The independent variables are "Organizational Commitment" (OC) and "Organizational Identification" (OI). The table includes the regression coefficients (B), standard errors (SE), t-statistics, and p-values for each variable.

Variable	B	SE	t	p
OC	0.12	0.03	3.85	0.000
OI	0.08	0.02	3.20	0.001
Constant	1.50	0.10	15.00	0.000

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1. **Introduction**



The following table shows the results of the regression analysis for the dependent variable "Number of employees" (in thousands). The independent variables are "Year" (1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030) and "Industry" (Agriculture, Manufacturing, Services, etc.).

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**Abstract**

**Abstract**

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 19 (UPI)—The National Labor Relations Board today announced that it will charge that Springfield's largest employer, the city, violated the law by firing 100 workers in 1975. The city says the workers were fired for cause.

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**Keywords:** aging; social support; health status; self-rated health; functional status

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**Figure 1**



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**Author's note:** I am past director, having professionalized from 1990 to 1995, and currently a consultant. I am not a Ph.D. or a sociologist. See <http://www.eric.ed.gov>.

**PROPOSAL SUMMARY**  
 The proposed research is a study of the relationship between the degree of social inequality and the degree of social conflict in a society. The study will be conducted in a developing country where there is a high degree of social inequality and a high degree of social conflict. The study will be conducted in a developing country where there is a high degree of social inequality and a high degree of social conflict. The study will be conducted in a developing country where there is a high degree of social inequality and a high degree of social conflict.

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Notes or comments to us (Please Print) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Water Boys, 1884 University Ave #202, San Diego, CA 92103-2012  
or Fax to 619-494-2011

# Water Boys

1266 University Avenue, #202  
San Diego, CA 92103-3312



Dear Friend:

Water Boys® is an online, private, worldwide membership network for men who love water sports and play sex. Our purpose is to provide a safe, down 'n dirty, stimulating forum in which watersports enthusiasts are encouraged to explore their own personal interests, fantasies and wishes, and to share them with other like-minded men. Water Boys® provides you with opportunities to meet other hot men, learn about and participate in watersports and play sex, socialize and play. Although our emphasis is on watersports, our network is for all types of men and fantasies.

Water Boys® publishes a LARGE (typically around sixty five" x 11" pages), full-featured quarterly magazine which includes hundreds of naughty personal ads that get proven results, mating photos, world-class fiction, erotic art, Pig Sty (sex stories), movie reviews, Splash Size® (celebrity), name clips, a calendar of regional and national events, where-o-scopes®, and ads for stimulating, specialized products and services. Water Boys® hosts live events, play parties and weekend retreats, and publishes accounts and photos of these events in our magazine. Our Boice Personnel connect you instantly with more men than any other value personals anywhere...they get results! Our website lets you place free personal ads, create other gigs, view and download pics/images, and keeps you abreast of what's happening in the world of play, kink and romance.

Our computer files are encrypted and protected against unauthorized access. Your personal ad will remain anonymous unless you specify otherwise. Our mailing list is 100% CONFIDENTIAL, and your name will never be sold, rented or lent to anyone, for any reason.

## **JOIN Water Boys!!!**

Membership has its privileges: a one-year subscription to the Water Boys® magazine and a free, 60-day personal classified ad for one year (applies to personal ads only; no commercial or promotional advertising for financial gain). One-time free publication of your personal photo. Free, confidential, private mail and voice mail boxes. Free mail forwarding to other members. You may change your personal ad up to three times per year. As a Water Boys® member, you will also be offered special discounts by our advertisers and special member pricing at our social and play events.

Add it up! A one year Water Boys® membership costs \$16. (A non-member's personal ad, running for one year, would cost \$120. Free mail boxes. No mail forwarding fees. Four free ad changes. Free publication of your personal photo. Discounts at social and play events. So...even if you never change your ad or never respond to a personal ad, you're saving \$104 by joining Water Boys. So !!! We guarantee you'll be glad you did.

Just use the order form on the reverse side. Be sure to sign on the "signature" line. Questions? Feel free to call us at (619) 589-6060 or Email us at [WaterBoys@aol.com](mailto:WaterBoys@aol.com). We look forward to having you as a valued member of our network.

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Robert Miller

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After a short time, another offer was made to sell the property for \$100,000. The owner accepted the offer and the property was sold.

**Keywords:** Relationships; dating; kissing; or getting hooked; you or them; partners; friends; sex; relationships; love; first time; very close to making kissing work; the same experience; not just kissing anymore.

**Bookings:** 4 of 4 seats will prove popular and sell very quickly. The Egyptian Government is getting increasing orders. The first Egyptian party sale has secured the stadium in one instance.

**Stimulus (probably for essay):** Technology has made life more convenient, but it is also not the biggest and best answer. Technology can be made better by using it more. Further education the youth and the people. Effect is to be used at the end and control is very important.

**Findings:** The data suggest that when riding down stairs the user did not expect it to be possible. Thus, the user was surprised and possibly injured. The user is not alone.

**Boats and Bats** Flying to the North American continent are about 100 million bats a year, mostly in spring after leaving hibernation. (1) *Hesperugo* species hibernating in a cave in Texas. (2) *Myotis* species seen near the Chesapeake Bay, Maryland, in a forest. (3) *Myotis* species. (4) *Myotis* with its wings and ears after feeding. (5) *Myotis* species feeding from a cave. (6) *Myotis* species feeding from a cave.

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These guidelines are the same for students: if an organization wants the student council, ball game, sports team, etc. approved, it will apply the right rules to make their school stronger. Make sure students are not just given and think, your community, family, and more.

Real Video™ is looking for a few GAY men. Now, our idea of great ain't is hairless, cologned, perfectly coiffed, totally buff West Hollywood boys with two ounces of bodyfat. We're looking for guys 18+ who are masculine, self-assured, in good shape, and who have clarity behind 'em eyes. We're not gonna have you memorize a long, drawn-out script, get a hard-on on cue and turn on command. We'll stick you in a dungeon with other hot men and let you fuckers out. Simple as that. So if you think you're our type, send a letter with your stats: age, chest, waist and arm measurements, what you're into sexually anything else you want to tell us. Also send current (taken within the last 3 months) photos (if you want 'em returned, include a prepaid, pre-addressed return envelope) showing your full body: front, back and face. And show some killer p/p attitude, boy! Send 'em to: Real Video c/o Aster Boys, 1786 University Ave, San Diego, CA 92101-3313.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Finally, the success of *Water Boys* has blown us the fuck away! When we started the club, our intent was to network with the world over and to provide education to these men and the mainstream community about our fetish, with the goal of increasing understanding and acceptance. Well, little did we know that our efforts would be fruitful to the point that water sports is now considered vanguard and cutting edge. Who woulda thunk?

Our success would not have been possible without the contribution of our many wonderful friends the world over, including: Rob Davis, Splash Man, Rodrigo, Bob DeAndrea, Max, the San Diego Eagle, Nick, Sean and Bill and the entire Houtain staff. Steven Zippy Boechtle and Kelly, Phil Lewis, John Clifton and the staff of Phoenix, Brooke Starbuck and the entire staff of *Drummer* magazine, Ron Hadfield, Mr. Marcus Hernandez, Taurus, David Ivan Landingham, Dean Phoenix, Brian Grant and Mike Muddles, Bob Jones, Barbara Franklin, Andy Yelton, Laura Luster, Steve Jensen, Brian Saki, Damien, The Hut, Dick Koenigsmann, Jeff Gilman, Harry Silver, Hilary Kaseark, Matt Greenwood, David Boston-Jay, Rainer Tempin, Alexander the Piss Boy, Joe Miller, Lorie Becker, Mike Parker, Henrika Sokors, Steven Kay, John Lovelace, Russ of the Sling, Gerald the Pig Boy, John Colusso, Logan, Michael-John and Lindsey of PRCALL, Harold Wolford, Adam, every member who ever contributed a story or a picture, and all those endless beer running, magazine mailing, stuffing and taping guys. Without you, our success would not be possible. We love and thank you!



# UPCUMMING SOCIAL EVENTS

Sat. 3/8 - BEER BUST - Thurs. Jan 18 & 19th, San Diego. 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-291-2100.

Fri. 3/14 - BEER BUST - San Francisco Eagle, 308 12th St., San Francisco-8 PM to 11 PM. 415-626-8860. Followed by a MAJOR piss party at a private location. Details will be available at the beer bust.

Fri. 3/21 - BEER BUST - Fountains, 4216 Melrose Ave. At Vermont, Los Angeles. 8 PM to 12 AM. 213-680-0889. Followed by a MAJOR piss party at PPOVAL, 1084 Myra Ave. next to Gauntlet II.

Sat. 3/12 - BEER BUST - San Diego Eagle, 3840 North Park Way, San Diego. 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-293-8072.

Fri. 4/20 - BEER BUST - Fountains, 4216 Melrose Ave. 8 PM to 12 AM. 213-680-0889. Followed by a MAJOR piss party at PPOVAL, 1084 Myra Ave. next to Gauntlet II.

Sat. 5/3 - BEER BUST - North, 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-291-0730

Sun. 5/18 - BEER BUST - Fountains, 3 PM to 5 PM. 213-680-0889. Followed by a MAJOR piss party at PPOVAL, 1084 Myra Ave. next to Gauntlet II.

Sat. 6/14 - BEER BUST - San Diego Eagle, 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-680-0889.

Fri. 6/27 - BEER BUST - Fountains, 8 PM to 12 AM. 213-680-0889. Followed by a MAJOR piss party at PPOVAL, 1084 Myra Ave. next to Gauntlet II.

## FEATURED ARTIST

The world of newspaper homophobes come KETCHER is featured throughout this exhibition. KETCHER has run into a lot of color drawings for lovers of male art. Each set is six 8" x 11" color images.

A. THE WET SET: his drippingly sticky and sexual images of men at play, including drawings featured in *Blaze* magazine.

B. FLUID (Mishawak) and dreamlike (bodybuilders) Fox, yow, dominant and submiss. (Breads rise up Mishawak, feels him, shows all over him, and stands finally with his eyes on the disordered Mishawak's face. A feast of Black dick and Pork ass)

Each set is \$25 for six images, plus \$2 shipping and handling for the first set and \$5 for each additional set. (CA residents please add 8.1% sales tax). Send check or money order, and statement that you are over 21, to: KETCHER, 1127 Silver St, Hermosa Beach, CA. 90254

PLEASE SPECIFY CLEARLY which set or how many copies of each set you want. KETCHER also welcomes special commissions. Inquire about obtaining an original KETCHER drawing of your most homophobic fantasy!



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